

St. Louis Convention!!

The Journal will be represented at St. Louis by the most remarkable staff of correspondents ever sent to a National Convention.

Brilliant Writers—Accurate Reports.

NO. 4,955.

THE JOURNAL

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1896.—16 PAGES.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

A Brilliant Staff!!

The Journal's staff of correspondents at St. Louis will include some of the greatest writers in the United States. : : :

Compare The Journal with Its Rivals.

PRICE ONE CENT.

"IS THIS SOME OF YOUR WORK?"

Startling Words Addressed Mrs. Fleming by Her Stepfather.

H. N. Bliss's Accusation of the Woman After the Funeral of Her Mother.

Grilled for Hours on the Witness Stand He Refuses to Recall Other Statements.

HAD TOLD OF SERIOUS QUARRELS.

But All Recollection of Matters Inimical to Mrs. Fleming Escaped His Mind Six Months Ago—A Day of Heat and Weariness.

In every great trial there are a number of witnesses who "fall down." This sort of witness came up in the Fleming trial yesterday in the person of H. N. Bliss, stepfather of the woman on trial for murder and husband to the murdered woman. He was evidently against the accused in the beginning, because he made a statement in the District Attorney's office which was carefully taken down, and is full of suggestive and damaging matter. He had told of quarrels between the dead woman and her daughter, of the mother's reproaches to the daughter for her vicious conduct, her charges that the birth of the baby in fall proved true, and even told how, on the morning of the funeral, he had asked Mrs. Fleming if she had poisoned her mother. That was the Bliss of several months ago.

It was a different sort of Bliss who was on the witness stand yesterday. So suddenly that you could almost hear the crash, his memory for everything that might be prejudicial to the woman on trial failed. He would not remember anything; not even the statement that he had made in the District Attorney's office.

One lawyer, Mr. Miller, battled in vain against the perplexing shiftiness of the witness. When he went under Mr. McIntyre jumped into the breach and with roar and sarcasm fairly dragged the witness back within hailing distance of the truth. He could not make him remember what Bliss had determined to forget, but he fired red-hot questions into him and made his refusals to remember so absurd that straight testimony would have been less damaging to Mrs. Fleming than his answers really were.

A Chance for Breath.

It was a very much disturbed witness that Mr. McIntyre left when he concluded in the afternoon. The defense hated to take him up until he had had a chance to compose himself and begged for time until this morning. Recorder Goff, who saw what everybody else in the court room saw, ordered the defense to go ahead. He was not giving the witness any time to patch up the awful gaps in his testimony. It came to a peremptory order for Mr. Brooke to proceed, and a flat refusal on that lawyer's part. But when it came to the cold alternative of continuing the examination then or letting the witness's testimony go before the jury without cross-examination,

Brooke's manner changed and he meekly told the Court that it was necessary for him to look over a transcript of the testimony before going ahead, and on that basis the Recorder reluctantly granted the delay.

Bliss will be a different man when he shows up this morning. The defense will work him along easily, and Mrs. Fleming's lawyers are clever enough to be trusted to get a better face on the evidence than it has now. But beyond the cross-examination there is a red-hot examination, and it does not take a prophet to tell that this afternoon will see H. M. Bliss even a wearier witness than he was last night.

Bliss is fat, bald, white waist coated and summer-suited, florid of face and with a voice entirely out of proportion to his build. It could hardly be heard even when the lawyers were besetting him with questions that made him stammer and wipe the sweat off his bald head.

Mrs. Fleming Unmoved.

While under guise of questioning his unwilling witness the prosecutor was bringing out all the hideous history of Mrs. Fleming—her lack of title to the name she wears, the fact that she never was a wife, the children she had borne, her mercenary side, and all the ugly story, the woman herself was hardly more interested than the merest spectator. She chattered with her sister and with her lawyers alternately, but the smooth immobility of her face, the cool stare that has characterized her all through stayed with her. Coming as it did on top of the arraignment from the baby witness the day before, yesterday's testimony was enough to have moved any veteran in crime. But Mrs. Fleming's nerves were equal to the strain.

The sharp assault on the witness and his perurbation were enjoyed by even more women than are usually present at the trial. They had had a rather dull day until fairly late in the afternoon, and the unpleasant testimony they seemed to take as a deserved treat. Bliss was on the stand off and on all day. He began by telling of his marriage to the widow of Robert Swift Livingston, in 1868, and about his stepdaughter. The first objections of the day came when the prosecution asked if he knew if Mrs. Bliss was appointed guardian to the defendant. The objection was overruled and the question answered in the affirmative.

Livingston's Will.

The next hurdle was over the will of Robert S. Livingston. Mr. Brooke protested that the will had nothing to do with the case. Mr. Miller, of the prosecution, told the Court that the will left a certain amount of money to Mrs. Fleming, which she could not have until her mother died.

Mr. Brooke declared the evidence sought was unfair, because arrangements after Livingston's death between the defendant and her mother made Mrs. Fleming independent of her mother. Mr. Miller, with his mind on the \$85,000 recently awarded to Mrs. Fleming from her mother's estate, made an argument, but the question hung in the air for an hour.

"It's a defeated estate," Mrs. Brooke protested. "The life estate was extinguished by the act of Mrs. Bliss herself." They got to reading law books after that, which is a symptom that an argument has reached the acute stage.

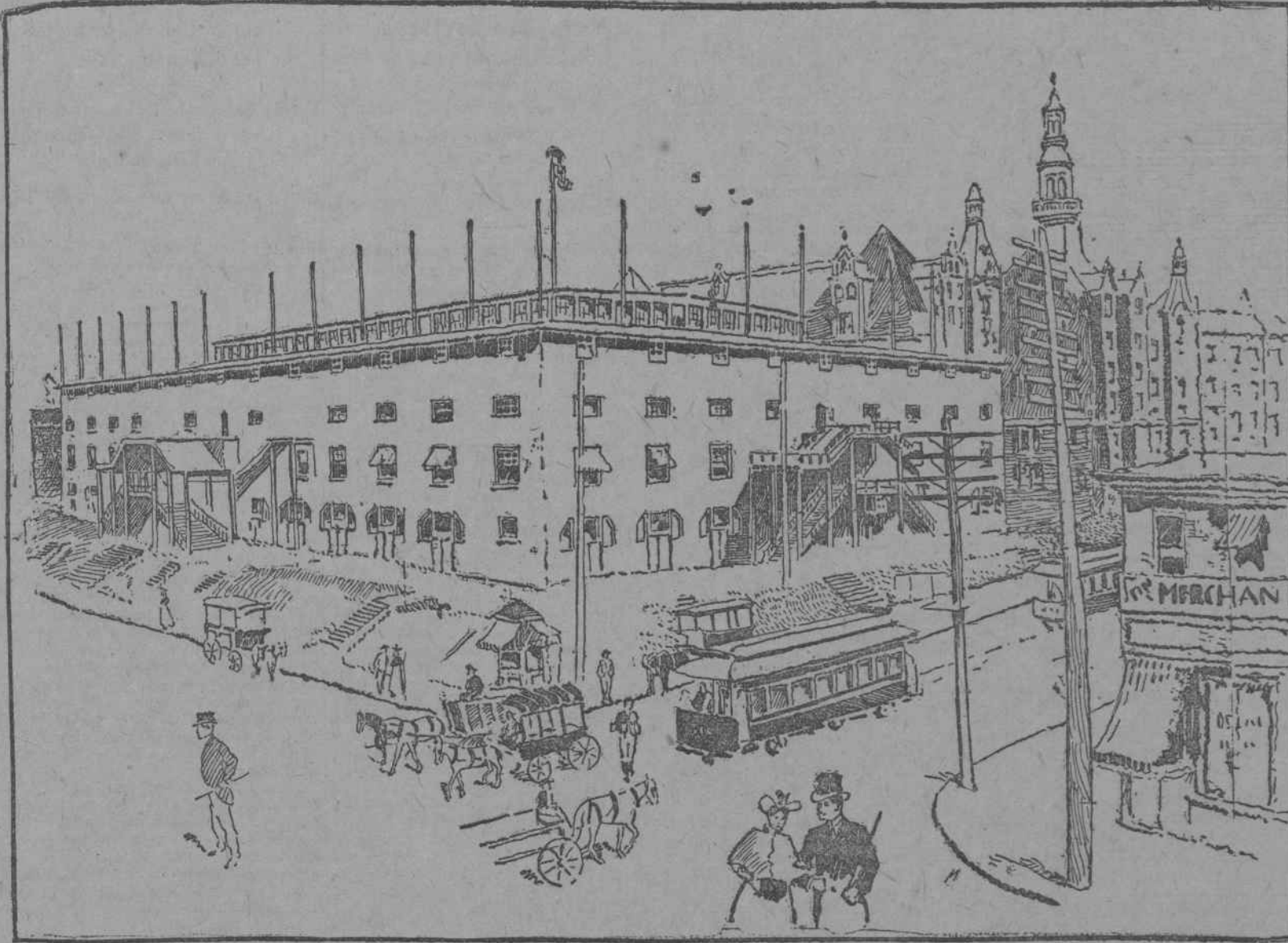
The phrase "the life estate was extinguished by the act of the life tenant," hurled back and forth among counsel, it being particularly favored by Mr. Brooke, the discussion became general after half an hour. The Recorder, prosecutors and defense were talking sometimes all at once. Mr. O'Sullivan was not there, which may have had a bearing on the unusual atmosphere of geniality that enveloped the debate. By and by Gratz Nathan, Brooke's associate, got the floor and the "extinguishing of the life estate" got a rest. Mr. Nathan's argument was that the estate was vested in Mrs. Fleming. He evolved the expression, "An expectant estate descendable, divisible and alienable," which promptly became a favorite with all the lawyers. The trial for murder became a will contest, and probate law was all that was talked about during nearly the entire morning session. At last the Recorder admitted the will and it was read to the jury.

Forgetful Bliss Forgotten.

Everybody had forgotten about Bliss by this time. But he was still on the witness stand, patiently perspiring. "How long after Mrs. Livingston died did you marry his widow?" asked Miller. "I don't know." "How could he know?" said Mr. Brooke, in his most injured tone. "At the time of their marriage Mrs. Bliss had but one child, a little girl, who was the woman now on trial for the murder of her mother. To be the woman now on trial for her life."

The question of the property came up before the jury without cross-examination,

THE CONVENTION HALL AT ST. LOUIS AS IT APPEARS NOW.



LOTS OF FIGHT IN ST. LOUIS.

The Talk Is All McKinley, but Things Are Mightily Uncertain.

Everybody Is at Sea on Finance and No Explanatory Word from Hanna.

Silver Men Are Still Full of Spirit and a Break Is Within the Possibilities.

REPUBLICAN SUCCESS FOREORDAINED.

Colored Delegates Being Carefully Guarded by the McKinley Syndicate—New York in a Bad Light and Platt Turned Down.

St. Louis, June 8.—To-day the talk is all McKinley. No one, whether friend or foe, looks for any failure of syndicate plans, so far as the nomination goes. The voiceless man of Hanna will be selected.

Conjecture gets red-headed about finance. "What will the platform be, say the wise?" Reply—"Gold." The half wise: "Gold and silver," no one is fool enough to say "free silver." 16 to 1. In truth none know what the money plank will be. Whatever Hanna and McKinley may say, however, they will mean gold. So much of comfort may be found like a balm on the banking heart of the East.

Still while meaning gold—for they are determined to run no risks of losing Eastern good opinion, they will attempt such soft phrasing of their saffron intentions as shall not alarm the West.

The McKinleyites—that is, Perry Heath and Judge Thompson—say they fear no free silver 16 to 1 bet. Heath and Thompson are mere pilot fish to precede Hanna. What they say is the utterance of Hanna. He fears no free silver split.

But while they talk doughtily, their shifty eyes and uncertain manner discount their words. They do fear a split. Trumbo, the

TRAGIC END OF A LITTLE GIRL'S JOKE.

Aged Professor Paul Sits on Two Pins and Has to Be Driven to His Home.

He Suffers Intense Agony, Lies at Death's Door for Days and Is Yet in Danger.

GERTIE REYNOLDS ONLY IN FUN.

Wife of the Victim Says His Illness May Have Been Caused by a Wound Received in Felling a Tree.

Professor Herman Paul, teacher of German in the public schools, at Fordham, West Farms and Tremont, is lying at his residence, No. 68 Alexander avenue, Fordham, in a precarious condition, the result,

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN POISONS HERSELF.

Accused by Her Mother of Theft Mary Dempsey Swallows Carbolic Acid.

Pathetic Letter in Which She Explains the Cause of Her Action.

NEWS MAKES THE MOTHER FAINT.

She Admits She Chided the Girl, but Was Never Cruel to Her—The Doctors Say That Mary Cannot Live.

Dear Ma & Pa—I write you these few lines which will be my last on this earth ever since I was born you and Papa are every day wishing that I was dead you often say when I go out you hope I would come in dead. You know what you blame me of taken and you accused me of taken it before. Mama and

Papa you know that I always loved you both and always loved my sister and brother two if you can bring Neale out to kiss me good by that it all I want and my dearest brother Martin tell all my C. and Anns and Uncles that I said good by for ever on this earth.

MARY S. A. DEMPSEY, 411 14th st., near 8th av.

No one knows the agony that the sensitive heart of little Mary Dempsey suffered before she wrote the above words. Mary is only fifteen, and not old enough to cure that her

home at No. 411 Fourteenth street, in Brooklyn, is poor. She was just as happy when people were good to her as though she had wealth untold.

But her heart was sad. She had been accused by her mother of stealing \$5, and the more she thought of it the deeper grew her sorrow. She had read of people taking carbolic acid to end sorrow—she would do the same.

Yesterday she went over to a drug store, bought a small bottle of poison, and made



MAKING DECORATIONS IN A CORNER OF CONVENTION HALL.

her way to the Fifteenth street entrance to Prospect Park. She say children playing there, but it only made her sadder; they had not been accused of thefts by their mothers.

She made her way to a bench by "Tennis Meadow" and sat down to brood.

An hour later John Collier came along. He saw the girl's head bent forward and the fingers of her right hand clenched about a bottle labelled "poison." Collier raised her head, and as he did, smelled carbolic acid. He ran to Park policeman Harry McVey, on duty at the gate, exclaiming:

"For God's sake come over to the Tennis Meadow! There's a girl over there who has swallowed poison. I guess she is dead."

McVey ran over to the bench and tried to rouse the little girl, but failed. Then he turned in a call for an ambulance.

In Mary's lap was a letter addressed to her mother and father. The envelope was not sealed. Ten minutes later the ambulance rattled up and the unconscious girl was removed to the Seney Hospital.

Meantime a crowd of children had gathered and Kittle Walsh took one glance at Mary's white face and ran to the mother of the Dempseys. Mrs. Dempsey met her at the door. "What's the matter, Kittle?" she asked.

"Mary swallowed poison in the park and I guess she's dead," answered Kittle. The mother fainted. When the police brought Mary's letter to the house, and the father and mother read the pathetic message, Mrs. Dempsey fainted again. Later in the evening she admitted that she had charged the girl with stealing, but denied that she had even threatened her with cruelty.

"This is the truth," she said. "Last Sunday \$5 was taken from my pocketbook. It was in the top drawer of the bureau and Mary knew it. I suspected her, and I told her that I wanted her to return it. 'Don't lie about it,' I said; 'you are my oldest child, Mary, and it's setting a bad example to your brothers and sisters. Why, if I were you, I'd rather be dead than be caught stealing and flogging. If you have lost the money, tell me and I won't speak about it to the family. If you

leader of the Utah delegation, is here. He talks safely, but firmly. He will offer a free silver 16 to 1 plank. If gold is declared for instead, he expects to bolt. Teller is Utah's candidate, says Trumbo. He looks forward to Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Montana and Colorado to support Teller in the convention next week. They will offer the white metal Senator's name for the White House. Failing to get silver and Teller—Trumbo anticipates such coming about—it is the plan of these States to split off and name Teller. They will play a lone hand.

Out for a Split. "There is nothing west of Missouri to McKinley and gold would stand a show carry," said Trumbo, "except Oregon."

Trumbo is out for a split based on free silver at 16 to 1. There will be a fight and the air will be filled with fun and fur yet. Let all good folks hope so. Bradley, of Kentucky, is beginning to rise like a dark cloud on the McKinley horizon, not that he is formidable as a candidate, but he sends word that he has McKinley letters before which the unguarded mislaid which the tongue-tied Canton man lavished on Farmer Bryan, of Stark County, years ago "pales," as novel writers say, "into insignificance." Bradley, it is believed, will produce some bad sounding blurt down if Hanna does not head him off with a portfolio.

Missouri Republicans are agog and agape over the fierce Papa Filley and his foes, Keras and Frank. The latter duo have

(Continued on Second Page.)

H. H. BLISS, STEPFATHER OF MRS. FLEMING, AN UNWILLING WITNESS AT HER TRIAL.

Mr. Bliss was the husband of the woman Mrs. Fleming is accused of having poisoned. After Mrs. Bliss's death he made a statement to the District Attorney which contained many facts damaging to the accused woman. Yesterday he could not be induced to remember any of these facts. He spent several uncomfortable hours evading the prosecution's questions, and will be on the stand for cross-examination to-day.